FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Volume XIX, Number 5, October 1968

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Our purpose: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

In reading the last issue of our magazine and noting your request for comments, pro and con regarding contents, I came up with the following:

The title of a magazine usually gives the clue to the contents, and in my writing classes, students were advised to slant material towards that end. Therefore it is necessary to learn what is acceptable to an editor by reading what he prints—since the final choice is left to him. Religious publication Editors advise a contributor to first read their magazines. I have been published in several, but my method is to write a Universal poem or article which is acceptable to any of them, so that I do not tread on the religious principles of anyone.

Today the word "meditation" is being used. To me it seems to give a broader meaning. As I grew up prayer was an important part of daily living and usually vocalized. But today I know that aside from my early training there is a time for meditation, when silence leaves my heart and mind open for the "still small voice" to speak to me. While I listen! This attitude must be cultivated for positive results, but it is most effective. Therefore I believe as people become more aware of the necessity for communication with God they also realize what a glorious sensation it is.

I have posted many copies of the magazines during the years, to friends or people whom I thought would be interested in them. It is difficult for me to estimate the number who have subscribed. We cannot be sure about their comments. I tried very hard to interest members in FIP and even left a few on the counter for sale. Sometimes I would leave one on a table in the public library. I tried to coax some of my poetry friends to subscribe and contribute. But I do not give up, knowing that somewhere, sometime, someone will eagerly accept it.

— Velta Myrle Allen
Long Beach, California.

EDITORIAL

Come the first cool days—when the sunlight has never been yellower, the grass greener, shadows blacker or more velvety—and the spirit returns to itself. It does so gratefully, with pleasure and the sense, rare to human beings but obviously enjoyed all year long by the birds and the animals and the plants, of participating in the ordained cycle of life. Summer is gone, leaves crisp and fall, autumn arrives, and one knows "in one's bones" that winter is coming. Changes of season provide with awareness. And awareness—that calm state of being, as still as meditation—is our privilege. The rest of the world participates in these events along with us, but only we "know" what is happening. Only we can stand back, so to speak, from the tingles on our cheeks, the odor of flying leaves in our nostrils, our anticipation of a first snow, and celebrate with appreciation the wonder of being alive. This wonder—which is mental as well as physical—is what wakens the spirit from its summer "hibernation."

How account for this phenomenon? One would think the spirit would be liveliest in the balmy months of summer. It is apt to doze then—as lazy as a bather on a beach.

It would seem—and it is one of the hardest lessons humans have to learn—that spirits grow most lively under opposition, in discomfort and stress and the pressures of necessity. Then, come bad weather, come the disparity between animal comfort and the cold world, the spirit must, it seems, become active. Like a fire in a wind, it flares up, it spreads, and simply for the sake of not being extinguished it grows into a bonfire.

All the greatness of human existence has been the result of bonfires of the spirit. Necessity requires only a minimum—that which will do. The wonder of human existence is our production of so much of that which is extra—not necessary.

This is the real wonder of our

lives: all the extras we have created, the masterpieces of painting, music, and literature, of mathematics, architecture, and science, of government and law and religion.

The creation of these extras has come to be considered the distinguishing mark of our kind. In going so far beyond necessity we have proved the existence of our spirits. Their very fieriness has come to be a necessity, oddly enough, of its own.

It is hard for us to learn. Parts of us would like to go on dozing and sleeping in the sun. Parts of us would prefer to do only the necessary as bears do or bees or leaves on branches. How much easier simply to turn orange and dry and to fall to the ground. No, for us it is not supposed to be easy. Our spirits begin to burn higher and brighter against the cool air, against the threatening proposition of winter. Our spirits long to become bonfires. It is neither easy nor comfortable to give off such a light. But the extra has become the necessary for us. It is what tingles through us now along with these golden breezes.

One person who learned the lesson of the spirit was the late Harry Halsey Starrett, to whose memory we have dedicated a good many pages in the middle of this issue. Mr. Starrett was the very first stranger to respond to Fellowship in Prayer. He wrote to Carl Evans, its founder, and with that one letter became a friend of ours for the last two decades of his long life. In those days, his wife died. And it was up to him, he wrote, to choose between "a life of loneliness" and a life of the spirit. He chose the latter, making his headquarters at the Lima, Ohio, Public Library, and gaining numberless friends with his writing, his loving kindness, the burning of his spirit. Though he was, according to Dr. Hung's memoir which appears on page 18, a small man, "almost a dwarf," when he died in August, aged ninety-three, a huge bonfire burned out.

MY SURGEON'S VERY BEST

(This poem was written for my surgeon, Dr. Peter Oliver, of Lahey Clinic, Boston, just before a serious operation— I had no hope and this poem was written so that if the worst happened, he would have no remorse about the inevitable.)

If God has pity, He will show it through your mind and skill,
If God has none, you will have done,
your very best.
As a surgeon and as a man, your very best,
the best you can,
is what I must and do accept.
As I trust my Creator,
so I trust you too,
and know that you will do,
as you have always done,
your very best.

— *Rhoda Maytross*

A PERSIAN ROSARY

Mirza Ahmad Sohrab

1. Love and serve humanity.

2. Praise every soul. If you cannot praise him, let him pass out of your life.

3. Dare, dare and then—dare more.

4. Do not imitate. Be original. Be inventive. Be yourself. Know yourself. Stand on your own ground. Do not lean on the borrowed staffs of others. Think your own thoughts.

5. There is no saint without a past. There is no sinner without a future.

6. See God and good in every face. All the perfections and virtues of the Deity are hidden in you. Reveal them. The Saviour also is in you. Let his grace emancipate you.

7. Be cheerful. Be courteous. Be

a dynamo of irrepressible happiness. Assist everyone. Let your life be like unto a rose; though silent it speaks in the language of fragrance. You are a trinity of body, mind and soul. The food of the soul is Divine Love. Therefore, feed your soul on Divine Love—so that the body and the mind be invigorated.

8. Be deaf and dumb concerning the faults of others. Do not listen to gossip. Silence the talebearer with virtuous conversation.

9. Stop the circulation of the poisonous germs of religious fanaticism through your veins and arteries and those of your children. Never argue with any soul concerning his religious beliefs. Religious controversies lead to hatred and separation. Religion is Love and Fellowship not theological dogmas and creeds. When you have Love and Sympathy in your heart for your fellowmen, you have the highest type of religion, no matter by what name you may call yourself. Rest assured that the emancipation of the world is through the Nameless God of Love and in Nameless Religion of Love.

10. Develop the qualities of essential goodness. Every soul is endowed with the attributes of intrinsic beauty. Discover those attributes and hold them before the world.

11. Religion is a personal relation between man and his maker. For God's sake, do not interfere with it, do not organize it, neither try to reduce it to so many statements. Organization, in whatever form, is the deathknell of religion. Do not preach this. Practice and teach it. Let no one dictate to you regarding what you should or what you should not believe and do in your spiritual life. The ultimate authority is the Authority of the Spirit within you and not that of any man, dead or alive. The Unerring Witness is standing in the centre of your being—all powerful mighty and supreme! His is the final testimony. His is the court of last appeal.

12. God's love is in you and for

you. Share it with others through association. Do not court separation from the creatures, but unite with them in love. To know yourself through your fellowmen is to know God.

13. Have courage. Realize your divine origin. You are the ray of the Sun of Immortal Bliss. You and the Father are one. The deathless radiant Self is in you. Reverence your Celestial station. No harm will ever come to you. God's perfect image and likeness you are, abiding in the fort of his Protection. Association with all the people will lead to spiritual unfoldment and not to the deterioration of the soul. Live above the world of faith and infidelity; religion and atheism; orthodoxy and Liberalism; truth and error; angel and devil; and you will be living with, and in God . . . THE GOD OF ABSOLUTE GOOD, the GOD OF ABSOLUTE BEAUTY, THE GOD OF ABSOLUTE PERFECTION.

14. In religion there is no compulsion. The path to spiritual unfoldment is not by restrictions and constraints; not anathema and excommunication, but by constant progress from world to world, from star to star, from constellation to constellation, forever and without end.

15. The light of lights is in your heart. Uncover it, and let it shine for the illumination of mankind. Do not expect a favor from friend or foe, and you shall never be disappointed.

16. Overcome malice, envy, personal spite and prejudice, and you are the master of Destiny.

17. Do not condemn a single soul. In condemning him, you are condemning yourself. Never for an instant forget that he is also the child of God. Upon the great sea of spirit, there is room for every sail. In the limitless sky of truth there is room for every wing.

18. Do not murder the character of a soul, under the guise of religion, either by bitter blame or faint praise. Spiritual murder is worse than the taking of a man's life. Have a sin-covering eye. See only the beautiful, the

lovely, the noble.

19. Be gentle. Be lenient. Be forgiving. Be generous. Be merciful. Be wakeful. Be thoughtful. Be frank. Be positive. Soar in the atmosphere of freedom. Walk in your chosen path and let no criticism disturb you in the least. This is the way to success, to happiness, to health, to prosperity, to glory. Let me walk in it during the days of my life!

(By courtesy of Frank A. Mastropaolo)

SNAP-SHOT STUDY

On that rock I sat: young
And my full heart knew love
While my pulse pumped doubt and fear

(I recall the day clearly from here;
Caught in the lessons called 'Living'
Caught in the ambuscade

Where dramas in Truth and Wisdom played;
Caught between my beginnings and my Destiny
Within the dwelling of my growing)

Yet, now, older and knowing
I place no bounderies
Around Futurity.

— *Carla Patsuris*

GET MY EYES OFF ME, LORD

Get my eyes off me, Lord,
Nothing there I find,
But constant disappointment
In mortal flesh and mind.
In my strength I fail, Lord.
My striving is in vain.
Frustration is the keyword,
My goals I can't attain.

Get my eyes off others, Lord.
They sometimes hurt me so.
The best of friends can fail us,
Give wounds they never know.
When I look around me, Lord,
The sins and faults I see,
And I am just as scared lest others
Stumble over me.

Get my eyes on Thee, Lord,
Thy holiness and grace.
Tune my spirit upward
To see Thy blessed face.
Then I become as nothing, Lord,
And others fade away,
When Jesus is exalted and
Thy glories I survey.

— *Catherine Cabeen Houck*

AWAY FROM HOME

I heard the sobbing of the wind
On a distant hill—
And the stars and the moon
Lay calm and still...

I saw the lights of the trembling town
Sway and grow dim;
I had grown lonely
Away from Him.

He who had loved me and quieted
My hiddenmost fears;
Now amid all the laughter
I was in tears!

And just like the prodigal son,
Penitent, sorrowing, sad,
I crept back to my Father's house
Humble, contrite, glad.

— *Laurence E. Estes*

ASK AND RECEIVE

Believe in prayer
And never doubt—
God always sends
Life's best plans out.

— *Loreta Inman*

ROSEMARY

S. Gordon

Once upon a time there lived in a far away country a king and his queen. They had one child, a girl five years old. She was a lovely child, small, dainty, gentle. She had a pert, little, heart-shaped face. When she smiled, two cute dimples appeared in her rosy cheeks. She liked to mix with people, and she had a very special trick of her own to make herself popular. When she looked up at you from a pair of big, gray-green eyes, through thick, long lashes, there was a sparkle of fun and laughter in their depths that took your heart away. She was so cute that even tough men were ready to do anything for their beloved little princess. She possessed the grace and beauty of a born dancer. And the crown of curls that graced her forehead seemed like a crown of gold upon her head.

Members of the family and friends often mentioned to the queen that, while some children were born with silver spoons in their mouths, Rosemary had been born with a golden crown upon her head. But the queen only smiled and said nothing.

This was a happy family. It seemed as if their happiness would last forever. But fate had other things in store for them. When Rosemary was seven years old, her mother became ill. The family doctor suggested she call a specialist. The specialist suggested another specialist and then another. While the four doctors debated how to fight the encroaching illness, a messenger came to say that the queen was asking for her family doctor.

The old doctor paled. He had a tough job before him and did not know how to face it. Someone *had* to tell her, and they all said it was his duty to do so.

He walked slowly, silently praying for help and guidance and for the courage to face the queen with the bad news. She *had* to be told, but he did not have the heart to do so. Twenty-five years old, ambitious, beautiful and the beloved queen of a great little country, she had everything to live for. And now.... There was no cure for this illness, and pain—that grim forerunner of the end, might start any minute.

The queen smiled when he entered. Indicating a chair she asked him to sit down. While he squirmed on the edge of the chair, still silently praying for guidance, the queen said quietly:

"You have been our family doctor for many years, before I was born. May I hope that you will tell me the truth when I ask you a question? Is my case hopeless? If so, just how much time do I have left? Please tell me the truth no matter how much it may hurt. There are certain matters I must attend to while I am still able to do so."

Two big tears rolled down the doctor's cheeks. Unashamed, he wiped them off. But still he hesitated. He tried to assure the queen that miracles had happened before.... So long as there was no pain, there was still a chance. When the pain started, it would come in waves, he told her. Once the pain started, she might have only a few more days or perhaps only a few hours. He also explained that a lawyer was waiting in the next room. The king, aware of what she would like to do, had asked the lawyer to write out a will. He would read its contents to her, and she could sign it. However, there was no hurry till the pain started.

"The pain has already started, Doctor," the beloved young queen said, "that is why I sent for you. And since time is short, let us get it over quickly, and please send Rosemary in. I wish to speak to her before I go."

Within a few minutes all papers were signed and Rosemary was sitting beside the queen's bed, patiently waiting for her mother to speak.

"Rosemary, you are a big girl now, and I hope you will understand. There is something I should have told you when you were five years old, but you were so small and delicate, I hesitated to put the troubles of the world upon your shoulders. Now, I am trying to accomplish in a few minutes' time the work of years. They tell me your intelligence is equal to that of a grownup. Can you understand what I am saying?"

"Yes, Mother, I understand."

"Of course, you understand the words, but can you understand the meaning of the sentences?"

"I will try, Mother, and if there is something that puzzles me, I will raise my hand. Stop then, when you finish the sentence, and I will ask you to explain."

"Very well. Supposing I told you that nice young ladies never annoy people, mistreat or torture, small animals, birds or insects? They have respect for older people, are friendly and considerate? What would I be talking about?"

"Good behavior."

"Right. Now, if I told you that stealing, breaking and entering, causing damage to property is a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine, a short term in jail or both?"

"Supposing I also told you that setting fire to property, depriving a man of his money or belongings, by lying, stealing, trickery or force, is punishable by law, by a large sum of money, a long

term in jail or both? And supposing I also told you that deliberately causing injuries to another person, setting fire to a house where people live, or killing is a crime against the law and punishable by a long term in jail or death?"

The queen hesitated, took a deep breath, "Do you follow me so far?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Now, if someone told you that your next-door neighbor has a fine apple orchard, that this is the season for apples, and that big, luscious, yellow apples are hanging from the trees free for the taking, go in and help yourself, the neighbor knows you are the Princess and will not dare say anything, you can take all the apples you want and get away with it? What would you say?"

"I would say, no, thank you. Crime does not pay."

"What? And how would *you* know that?"

"Father and I have been going to Sunday school."

"For how long?"

"For the past two years."

"God bless your father and all the Sunday school teachers. They have done the job I failed to do. Now, I can go away happy, knowing that you will be safe and well taken care of."

"Are you going away, Mother?"

"Yes, dear, the doctor just told me that my carriage is waiting and will start as soon as I am ready. I am going away on a very long trip and will never come back."

"Take me with you, Mother, please. Father will get married again and I do not want a stepmother."

"Do not fear for that. I have just signed several papers making you rich and independent for life. And a group of lawyers have agreed to see to it that my last wish is carried out properly. Now there is something else I want to ask you, my dear. Do you still have your hiding place for notes and toys?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Did you get any notes lately?"

"No, Mother. While you were sick, you did not write notes."

"Are you trying to tell me that Father wrote those notes for me?"

"Of course, he did. I often waited till he finished writing and took the note to you. Just like I often waited for you to finish writing your note to him."

"Did you tell him our secret?"

"I did not tell him anything, but I am sure he guessed."

"And I *never* guessed. Assuming that he was writing to some one else. I read the notes and put them back in your hiding place."

"I know, Mother. I took the notes out and saved them for you. Father has your letters locked in the drawer of his little table, the...."

Rosemary stopped as a spasm of pain passed across her mother's face. When the pain subsided, her mother said:

"In the last two years, my life has been a perfect hell. I

tortured myself with the knowledge that the king was in love with someone else; and all the time I was the only one he loved and admired. Now, with only a few more days or perhaps a few hours to go before saying goodbye, I find that I am the luckiest person alive, loved by my husband, respected by my people and adored by my only child. I am able to say goodbye with a heart full of happiness. My only regret—the two miserable, wasted years I spent worrying about something that did not exist. Thank you, Rosemary, for the final gift of happiness. I will remember you in my prayers. They say that a mother's last prayers are inspired, that an angel stands beside her, picks up her prayers, and brings them directly before the Lord. Let us pray!...."

As Rosemary knelt down beside her mother's bed, the queen reached out, put her hand upon the child's head and they prayed together.

A sudden hush came over the palace. A signal was given by one of the servants, and everyone knelt down to pray. The news spread outside. Carriages stopped and stood still. People all over town—men, women and children—knelt down to say a prayer for the queen. A few minutes later, the prayers over, people everywhere returned to their normal ways of life. Only the palace remained silent—and dark.

The good doctor was the first to stir. He got up, looked at his watch, and muttered, "The queen passed away, exactly five minutes till...." Then he stopped. Something made him stop. Rosemary was praying She repeated over and over the words of a simple childish prayer, and he waited. Through the open window came the song of a bird. A yellow butterfly touched the petals of a flower, spread out her wings and headed south to disappear in the distance.

The last rays of the setting sun touched the queen's face. A vagrant breath of wind stirred the curtains and entered the room to touch a lock of hair on the queen's forehead. The doctor bent down to close the tired, pain-filled eyes, and he stopped.... The queen was breathing regularly, normally....

"She will getwell,"he whispered, and repeated incredulously, "Thank God she *is* going to get well...." Then as an afterthought....

"A miracle?.... The child's prayer?.... The combined prayers of all the people?.... Who knows.... God moves in so many different ways."

YOU NEVER FLED FROM STRONTIUM

You never fled from strontium. You never heard
loud nuclear voices rising to the stars
and frightening the moon. Minus the bars
of our mortality, you are not third
in your new kingdom. Know we are absurd,
exchanging April's kisses for what mars
worse than the envy of old gods in cars
with all the fury of their passions stirred.

When you take time out from a rainbow chase
and count its colors by the river of life,
do you gaze down with an inquisitive face
and graduated eyes upon our strife?—
or do you find the horror of our day
so vile you always look the other way?

—*William Walter DeBolt*

HARRY HALSEY STARRETT

1875 - 1968

(Photograph taken during his visit to FIP's office in 1963)

HARRY HALSEY STARRETT

In Memoriam

William Hung

More than one friend had commented on the enlarged, colored photograph on my table of Harry Halsey Starrett holding a beautiful cat: "What a facial expression of peace and love! It reminds me of Saint Francis of Assisi." One day it suddenly occurred to me that this was the most natural explanation of transmigration and immortality.

I had been an admirer of Mr. Starrett's writings for a decade before I met him personally. He was more of a paradox than I had expected him to be. He was indeed poor in worldly goods yet rich in other blessings. Then he surprised me with other contrasts. At eighty-eight instead of being a man of imposing height, he was almost a dwarf, though an agile and wiry one. At eighty-eight, he was in reality ageless. In one afternoon's conversation, he was dispensing the wisdom of ages, he was as firm as a mighty warrior, he was charmingly childlike. He was more often silent than talking. But what he said was incontestable. He professed no creed because he embraced all religions. I knew at once that he was one of those who really understood the meaning of life and lived accordingly.

What is the meaning of life? Our exuberant youth are claiming the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They will not get very far with it who fail to understand what life really is and what liberty and what happiness it really entails. They could learn from Mr. Starrett.

A verse in the sixth chapter of *The Analects of Confucius*

troubled me for many years until I tackled it in the light of the history of religions. In the light of the teachings of other sages, I was emboldened to repunctuate the text and to translate it thus: "Human life is directly towards the snare. It is fortunate if it gets free." The word *wang*, net, snare, stands also for ignorance, deceit, trouble, evil, calamity. "My biggest trouble," said Lao-tzu, "is that I have a body." The Buddha preached about the universality of suffering: "Birth is suffering; age is suffering; sickness is suffering; anxiety, grief, and anger are suffering; meeting a disliked person is suffering; separation from a loved one is suffering; failure to obtain the desired object is suffering." Said Job, "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." Jesus taught the disciples to pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Thus the truth about life has two sides. On one side of the coin is inscribed, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; on the other, inseparable side is, "life, evil, and deliverance." Life is both struggle and enjoyment. Freedom is achieved in proportion to self-imposed discipline; happiness in proportion to salvation.

To Harry Halsey Starrett, life's pilgrimage was climbing the "stepping stones to freedom."

Five years ago I thought he had arrived. He had come to New York for a brief visit, a birthday gift from a number of friends. He had always said, "God is my banker." This time the bank's check was large enough to cover the cost of comfortable flight and accommodations. Surrounded by admiring friends, he was like a dust-free mirror reflecting the cosmic unity of truth, goodness, and beauty.

A few days later, I was surprised to learn that he had been briefly hospitalized upon his return to Lima, Ohio. But that was to bring him to a new resolution: to visit the sick frequently. He had more of self to give away. This took him five years more. Only the completely selfless is really deathless.

Three meditations from the writings of Harry Halsey Starrett

FAITH

By FAITH I live; FAITH is a mighty citadel against which the storms of life cannot prevail; it is in FAITH I find my strength and my security.

By FAITH I walk upon the troubled waters of life and by FAITH I calm the turbulent sea by the Divine Command—"Peace be still."

FAITH dispels the clouds of doubt and fear and brings into my life, sunshine and good cheer. FAITH keeps me in constant communion with the center of all life—God; through FAITH I realize the Allness of God and of my oneness with Him and with all life. Through FAITH, I know that God is enthroned within the hearts of all men and that, therefore, there is Good in all men.

FAITH is the key which releases God's illimitable abundance to meet my every need.

FAITH has been absorbed and become a live, vital organ in my body—Verily, I *am* FAITH.

Through FAITH I dwell in the Inner World of REALITY and through FAITH—

I find REALITY in a world of illusion;
I find tranquility in a world of confusion;
I find Peace in a world of strife;
I find Christ "The Way, the Truth and the Life."

SIMPLICITY

Simplicity is fundamental. All things great, evolve out of simplicity. Simplicity is *truth*. Wherever we find simplicity, there, also, we find sincerity and sincerity is one of the foundation stones upon which successful living is established.

Simplicity is one of the virtues of childhood and the Master admonished us "Except ye repent and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven" and, so, simplicity might be said to be the key to the Kingdom of Heaven.

Life itself, is very simple; man has made it complex by serving mammon rather than God.

Simplicity is one of the fruits of wisdom; simplicity is the mother of contentment and contentment is the exalted and blissful estate of the Illumined. Simplicity is detachment; as the Hindus so aptly express it—"to be in this world of attachment, unattached, is the highest attainment of life." Simplicity never becomes enmeshed in the web of materiality nor encumbered by the things of this world, holding, always, freedom, as one of the most precious gifts of God to man, for it is only in freedom that we can use to the full, the talents God has endowed us with. Simplicity knows neither doubt nor fear, for faith is the very cornerstone of Simplicity.

Simplicity denotes oneness, unity, solidarity and security. through his desecration of the law of Simplicity, man finds himself dwelling in a world of complexity, through separateness and disunity, which leads to conflict, privation, untold suffering and despair.

In simplicity we find "The Peace of God which passeth understanding" and in that ineffable stillness, we realize our oneness with God and with all life.

The law of simplicity is the law of common sense and he who lives by the law of common sense is immune from the vicissitudes of life which are the creation of his own finite mind.

The most beautiful exemplification of simplicity is found in the life of the Master Jesus. His life was also a revelation of the truth that, in simplicity there is great power, understanding and wisdom and, again, we find a beautiful example of the simple life in the 23rd Psalm—"He maketh me lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters." To be in the presence of one who lives the simple life, is to lie down in green pastures, beside the still waters.

Much sickness, suffering, sorrow, privation and despair would disappear from our midst if man would return to the simple life. Just be his own natural self and dwell in the land of contentment.

THE HUMAN HANDS

Human life upon this planet, could not exist without human hands—an all-important factor in the Creator's plans.

As important as our hands are, there are many who just take them for granted rather than being ever mindful of what they mean to

them and never ceasing expressing gratitude for them, to Him Who gave them to us.

Whenever we are about to use our hands, in whatever work we have to do, let us pause and reflect upon the truth that great responsibility rests upon each of us, as to how we use our hands, mindful that they can be used for evil as well as for good and that, the way we use our hands, determines, in large measure, what Spiritual progress we have made in this life.

If we consecrate our hands to the service of Him Who gave gave them to us, then the Love of God will flow through our hands, into all the work we do and under this benign influence, our work will prosper and redound to the glory of God and to the uplift and betterment of the whole human race.

It is an ennobling thought, that God gave us two hands so we might, with one hand, reach up and take hold of the hand of Christ Who stands upon the top rung of the ladder of life and with the other hand, reach down and lift others up with us as we are, ourselves lifted up, thus emulating the way of the Master Who said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

Whenever we grasp the hand of a fellow-creature, in the spirit of friendship and goodwill, may the Love of God flow through our hand, into the lives of those whose hands we grasp, that they may feel, through us, the Presence of "The Giver of every Good and Perfect Gift."

Blessed is he, who understands the true meaning of the human hands and who uses his hands in the fulfilling of the Creator's plans.

God grant that we may consecrate and reconsecrate our hands

to His service, using them always in giving rather than in getting, mindful that it is only through giving that we receive.

SMALL FLORAL PIECE FOR HARRY HALSEY STARRETT

With constant wearing down
A smaller part is left each day
And we are worn away
By Time's alchemistic clown

But *man's love for man* is blended
Into the chemistry of his grace
For carrying on, for wheeling through space
Something not to be ended.

— *Carla Patsuris*

There is a Temple better than any which human hands may make. It is the Temple of the heart.

Within it keep the lights burning,—the lights of *truth* and *love!*

— *T. L. Vaswani*

HIS NAME

(A Parable for Moderns)

Emily Sargent Councilman

Long ago when earth was already old but man was young, a man walked with God in a garden. Not by night—he slept then beneath bright stars and the far dark of space beyond them. And not by day. All day he kept busy with his friends in the garden—the plants and trees and all the animals. He was giving to each of them a name, a proper name, as he talked with them. He played with the animals; and he ate the fruit in the garden and drank from the four rivers fed by its central spring, assuaging his hunger and thirst.

Although the man knew that God was always nearby, he saw him only at twilight each evening when sweet dew covered the grass on the river banks and a cooling breeze stirred the willow trees. They always met at the spring in the center of the garden, near the young apple tree putting out its two branches; and they walked together. They talked.

The man did not yet have any name for God. After he had named all of the plants and

trees, all of the animals in the garden and the creatures living below the river waters, he tried to discover a name for God. He looked everywhere for suggestions, exploring the four rivers and the garden again and again, and lifting his eyes to the dark brightness of the rising sun surrounded by moving softness of far clouds in a crimson sky. He watched the lamb and the lion, listened to the whirring wings of the dove in flight and pondered the grace of the serpent. But he could not think of a name for the wholeness of God who had made him.

Sometimes the man wondered why he did not ask God, Himself, about a name for Him. Why? They talked of many things as they walked together each evening. They laughed and sang together; and they were silent together, needing no words. But the man dared not ask—or believed he dare not ask. Each evening as the moon waxed brighter, he could see God more clearly, yet called Him by no name, perhaps fearing to call Him by too small a name.

More and more often he traveled to the far outreaches of the garden in his search for a name for God. And so it happened that there came a time when he was late in coming to their meeting place at the spring in the center of the garden, near the young apple tree with its two growing branches. He had lingered too long, following the eastern river in his search. He was still far off when he noticed that the dew was heavy on the grass and the yellow arc of moon loomed high sbove the trees. Startled by the waning moon and suddenly famished with hunger and thirst such as he had never known, he found himself hurrying, stumbling, running to meet God. But suddenly, there, short of the spring and the apple tree, there was God coming to meet him. And the man fell down, his terror ebbing within him.

"You were hungry?" God asked, lifting him up.

"Yes, *yes* . . . and thirsty, though I'd eaten and drunk; and I ... I was ..."

"Lonely?"

The man, enfolding the wonder of God coming to meet him, could only whisper, "Lonely... alone."

God answered his thought, "I was lonely too."

"You?" quickly the man looked to the dark brightness of God, "*You* lonely?"

And God answered him quickly, "Yes, I was lonely." Then He added, "I will always come to meet you when you turn to the center of the garden. You can come, or stay (I made you in my likeness of being), but I will always come to meet you in your turning."

The man, still questioning God with his eyes, saw then, behind Him under the waning moon, a shadow cast on the ground by the young apple tree with its two growing branches; and he trembled, though he had never seen a sword before.

"Always," God said again. "Remember this: beyond delay and wandering, beyond another quest, and another, in loneliness, alone, I will always come to meet you in your turning."

Then the man saw the brightness of God within the darkness more luminous than the sun in its rising. Suddenly he knew that the sword which had pierced his heart with unutterable grief at his separation from God had pierced God's heart too, God's being. And the man, seeing that the failing moon had lengthened the sword-shadow into a tall cross planted in the center of the earth (though he had never seen a cross before), found the residue of tumult within him resolving into a strange quiet of a new and unnamed longing.

The man was silent then as he walked with God. But before their parting until tomorrow, the man, remembering how God had come to meet him, began to speak without knowing what he did.

Haltingly, he asked, "Is this love Your name? Love?"

CITY BIRD

The landlord doesn't know it, but he has an extra tenant in the apartment building across the street from where I live.

Most every morning I go to my window to check on the weather. So one morning I discovered that a bird family had established itself in a break in the cornice.

If I watch any length of time, I can see what is evidently the father bird going back and forth with food for the family. Sometimes with a piece of straw—I suppose to make the nest more comfortable.

There is a lesson to be learned here. Everyone knows birds build their nests in trees, but this one has been guided by God to have its home in the cornice.

So it is with us. We are not to be dismayed if our present surroundings are not all what we would like them to be. We must keep faith and know that our heavenly father will direct us to the place he wants us to occupy; whether it be a job, a home, a profession. God the Giver of all good is our guide. Faith and trust and prayer without ceasing will lead us into all good.

— *Helen Bonaparte*

INVOCATION

Marie Transue

I, kneel
Before the alter-flame
Burning
With desire
For higher knowledge.

Let the spark
Become a conflagration.

Let no ill-wind
Smother
The embers
Of my heart-fire.

Make me heart-sensitive
With the Divine flame.

TEMPER TOO!!

Antoinette Daria

A whistling kettle
Is boiling, when pressure's on.
Peace restored—when off.

THE SUNFLOWERS' PRAYERED MUSIC

Alice Richmond

Sunflowers grateful, lumined face-beauty soaring
At passersby smile, sun searching, mist tranquil—
Blessed warmth apparelled while peace-drawing eager
In togetherness raised. Time-hallowed rains God-planned,
Flower buds claimed faith-rooted, venturous glad
To greet Him, Who unfolding aeons eternity quickened.

With spendor delight their growth dream-questing hears
God's rain His kindliness spreading, and gleefully holds
Joy's truth, gleamed thankful. Spirit-bouqueted prayers share
Adoring faith in handclasped melody to nourish brave
Sungolden raying: magnificat born of love's growth as One!

Thus heavenly orison by Lord's greatness inspired—
Sunflowered as creation heartshining, rears high
Sweet cadenced hope petal-bright, absorbing grace.
Through happiness elated here symphonic roused
On earth, passersby eternal, know His matins sung
Bear sunflowering music-gold: with shared heart universal!

THE PEACH ORCHARD

Clara Ullrich Samuels

I held a peach pit in my hand
And, lost in reverie,
This lowly stone was quickly changed
Into a lovely tree.
In the twinkling of a second thought
I added tree to tree
And soon a gorgeous orchard
Was spread in front of me.
Their dresses were waves of frothy pink
Trimmed with soft white down
With the heavens as a canopy;
And beneath, the earth so brown.

A few months are breathless seconds
To a poet's dreamy mind
So autumn was quite quickly reached
As my thoughts began to climb.
I must now bring the trees closer
To find that which I sought—
Those fine mellow luscious treasures
Which the sun and the earth brought forth.
And then, as if by some fairy magic,
The peaches had an added charm
For I could visualize sweet cherub faces
In the round creamy peach down.

How strangely like the Christ story,
The rebirth of the soul:
The Seed must be planted into the mind
To grow powerful enough to unfold.

"PRAYER MEANS"

P is peace of mind, of soul and heart.

R is a refuge for your mind, to find the solace of God's comfort.

A is attitude—that feeling that by the will of God all will be well.

Y is you—believe in your decisions—God created you and gave you the right to make the different choices that confront you.

E Everlasting—list the people you can count on to be everlasting, your God, your husband or wife, your parents, children, family, and friends.

R refuge—"God is your refuge, a very present help in time of trouble."

M marriage—a merger—in time of need and deep suffering the bond between husband and wife can be wonderfully cemented.

E earnest—how earnestly loved ones, strangers, brothers in Christ pray for one another.

A attentive—you must be attentive for Christ's answer—it may take awhile, but if you really listen you'll find the way.

N nearness—of God as you reach out and draw to him—as you pray "The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want."

S spiritual—most people who have been touched by a crisis have turned to God to be strengthened, to find hope and in finding hope you find love.

— *Sally Pontier*

NOTICES and COMMENTS

A NEW CONTRIBUTING EDITOR. Catherine Cabeen Houck, whose work has appeared in several recent issues, has graciously accepted our invitation to become a Contributing Editor of *Fellowship in Prayer*. Asked for some biographical information, she replied:

> I began life as "Kate's little girl" and as soon as I entered school I was known as "Amelia's little sister." When those days passed I emerged as "Ivan's wife" and eventually as "Jimmie's mother" and so on with the other three children. Recently while in a playground a little boy came running and smiling at me, said, "I know who you are, you are Cathy's Grandma! So there I am!

Actually, she was born in a northern Louisiana Parish, Bossier. Attended school there, in Alabama, and was graduated from the University of Arkansas during the most peaceful years our country has experienced in the twentieth century. She began writing poetry some years ago, and feels fortunate in appearing in quarterlies, anthologies and newspapers in several states. She has contributed papers to the Northern Louisiana Historical Association, written a history of her father's ancestry, one book of fourteen stories dealing with early childhood in Louisiana, also articles to an international YMCA magazine edited and published by "Y" Wives in various cities. She is a member of the Pennsylvania Poetry Society and of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies, Inc. About two years ago she became Channel 33's coordinator for Cumberland County (Pennsylvania) for a program called "Time of Our Lives" focused on senior citizens. She married a YMCA secretary, who became a state executive in that field. They have four children, all married, and nine grandchildren.

NEW ADVISOR. Our new advisor for the Western Zone, Mrs. Juliet

H. Crist, describes herself as "a simple soul who prays for peace"— and believes "prayer is the only answer." She got her education at Stanford and the University of California at Berkeley, concentrating on music. She has worked on the Quaker Refugee Program, in the Quaker Finance Office, and the Friends Committee on Legislation. She has travelled in Mexico, Haiti, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and Austria. She is energetic, enthusiastic, and a long-time booster of Fellowship in Prayer.

COLLECTOR'S ITEM FOR SALE. For lack of storage space, we are offering for sale the original 3 x 5 Kelsey press on which Carl A. Evans, the founder of Fellowship in Prayer, printed the cards and donation-slips which were the beginning of the Fellowship. Any reasonable offer will be welcomed. This money will be used to carry on our work for "a world united in prayer." Write to the Executive Secretary.

FREE COPIES. 400,000 copies of "World-wide Divine Love Radiation Service" by FIP Advisor C. H. Yeang have now been printed. "The method taught," he says of this pink pamphlet, "is a positive form of prayer." For free copies, please write to Miss Kathryn G. Brown, Executive Secretary of Fellowship in Prayer.

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GRACE NOTES

Sunday morning
the preacher read
Greater love has no man
than this
that a man lay down his life
for a friend

Sunday evening
the movie actor said
If you tell me
I must die for him tomorrow
I would say
what time

Theologies and politics aside
even on TV
humanity still holds
the hem of heaven

— *Pollyanna Sedziol*

"For a world united in prayer"

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